

For the Children

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale;
A lad who had his way to make
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs today.

He met his mother on the street,
Off came his little cap;
My door was shut, he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped the pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me;
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push or crowd along,
His voice is gently pitched,
He does not fling his books about,
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass,
He always shuts the door,
He runs on errands willingly
To forge or mill or store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can,
For in whatever company
The manners maketh man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same,
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

—Ex.

CARVING A NAME.

The children had been playing in the woods all the afternoon. They had been a band of gypsies for a while, when they made a fire and roasted some potatoes. Then they concluded to be Indians; they built a wigwam and shot a great quantity of imaginary game with their bows and arrows. After that they became civilized children once more, and played hide and seek among the bushes until they were tired enough to sit down and rest.

It never took Joe long to rest; and by-and-by he wandered away from the others, and finding a great smooth tree began to carve his name upon it as high up as he could conveniently reach. It was slow cutting, and before he had finished it the others came to look at his work.

"Oh, cut my name, too!" said Lily. "Won't you, Joe?"

"I haven't done my own yet."

"Well, you needn't cut it all; only make your first name and then put 'Lily' under it," she coaxed.

"But, you see, I want my whole name, and real deep, too, so it will last for years and years," answered Joe.

"Never mind, Lily, I'll cut yours," said Fred, good naturedly; and selecting another tree, he drew his knife from his pocket and began to carve the letters, while the little girl watched him.

"There! I've put mine where it will stay, for one while," said Joe, when he had completed his work.

"Fred has put his where it will stay, too," said Aunt Lucy, who had been quietly looking on.

"Fred? I don't see where he has carved his name at all," answered Joe.

"Once upon a time"—began Aunt Lucy, leaning back against a tree.

"A story! a story!" laughed the children, gathering around her.

"Once upon a time," she repeated, smilingly, "there was a very ambitious man. He knew that he must some time die, but he did not want to be forgotten, so he determined to put his name where it would always last. Perhaps he began by carving it on a tree first; but the owner of the forest felled the tree, and his name was gone. Then he built a great monument, and engraved his name on the top of it; but the lightning is drawn to high points, and his monument was shattered in a single night. Then he said, 'I will find the very highest and most solid mountain in all the world; and I will cut my name on its topmost rock, and then it will last. So he traveled over oceans and plains, through towns and villages, to find the mountain. He passed tired people by the way who asked him to help them, but he was too anxious about carving his name, and he would not stop. At last he found the highest mountain, and after long and tiresome climbing, cut his name on its top. Then an earthquake shook the mountain and tumbled great rocks from its summit to the valley below, and his name was swept away.

"Tired, disappointed and growing old, he said, 'It is of no use! Nothing on earth will last, and I will not try any more. I will be as happy as I can, and make others happy, too, and think no more about my name.' So he began to help the poor, to feed the hungry and do deeds of kindness whenever he could, and people began to love him. One day a little girl said to him, 'I shall love you always for helping us so much; I'm sure I shall never forget you, if I live a thousand years.'

"But you will not live so long," he answered, with a smile at the child who looked up to him so lovingly.

"Yes, I shall a great deal longer," she said, 'Souls do not die, and I'm sure I'll remember in heaven, and I'll remember you.'

"Then the man knew that he had now done what he had been trying to do for so long—put his name where it would not be forgotten—written it on something that could not be destroyed."

The children were silent, and after a minute Aunt Lucy added, thoughtfully: "But any one who had been living such a life of unselfish service to others—a true, good life—would have ceased to be anxious about his name by that time, because he would have learned to know the Lord, who says to all that serve him, 'The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.'"—Selected.

CHARACTER POTS.

I had sometimes caught a glimpse of the small scullery maid, at my boarding house; but, one day, slipping to the kitchen for a cup of water, I had a queer bit of chat with her. She was scouring granite pots with a vim and vigor that were bound to bring re-